L-221-3-4

Northern Messenger

Wm Brouscombe 25.02.03

KILLAMS MILLS NB

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 5 MONTREAL, JANUARY 30, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Jaganath and His Temple.

('Daybreak.')

Puri, on the east coast of Bengal, is a town of 22,000 inhabitants, and, though built on little fevery sandhills, stands so high in the religious estimation of the people that it is written of it: 'Even Siva' (one of the three great Hindu deities) 'is unable to comprehend its glory; how feeble then the effort of mortal man!' The surrounding district is the Holy Land of the Hindus—far more sacred to the Hindu soul than ever was Palestine to the Jew.

In this marvellously glorious city stands the great temple of Jaganath, the Lord of the World. The story of its origin is too long to be narrated here. Enough to say that a great calamity once befel the King of the region—he slew a Brahman—and his whole life henceforth was devoted to an atonement of his guilt. Jaganath appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to go to Puri and there worship him. He went, and after much thought, and prayer, and consultation, decided to build the temple as it now stands. It took fourteen years to build, and cost the King half a million sterling. It was finished in 1198, so that it is now 704 years old. Like most Hindu temples, it is conical, or sugar-loaf shaped, and it rises into the sky 192 feet. The sacred enclosure in which it stands is almost a square, surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, and is so large that it accommodates other temples to various deities, male and female, to the number of 120. What a vast crowd of fanes to a false and soul-destroying faith—yet all more sacred to the Hindu than a church to the Christian.

Not only did this King, but all his successors, endow the great temple in all its relations richly. Large tracts of land were made over to the monasteries connected with it, yielding a rent of £27,000 a year, while for the temple upkeep itself further lands were given, producing a yearly income of £4,000, making together £31,000. This was the endowment when the territory came into the hands of the British, and it so continues to the present day.

But this is only a small part of the income to the institution. The pilgrims always bring their gifts—the poorest give, often far beyond their ability—and starve themselves on their way home to do it, while the rich heap gold and silver and jewels on the idol's seat, or spread out before it title-deeds conveying valuable lands to its service.

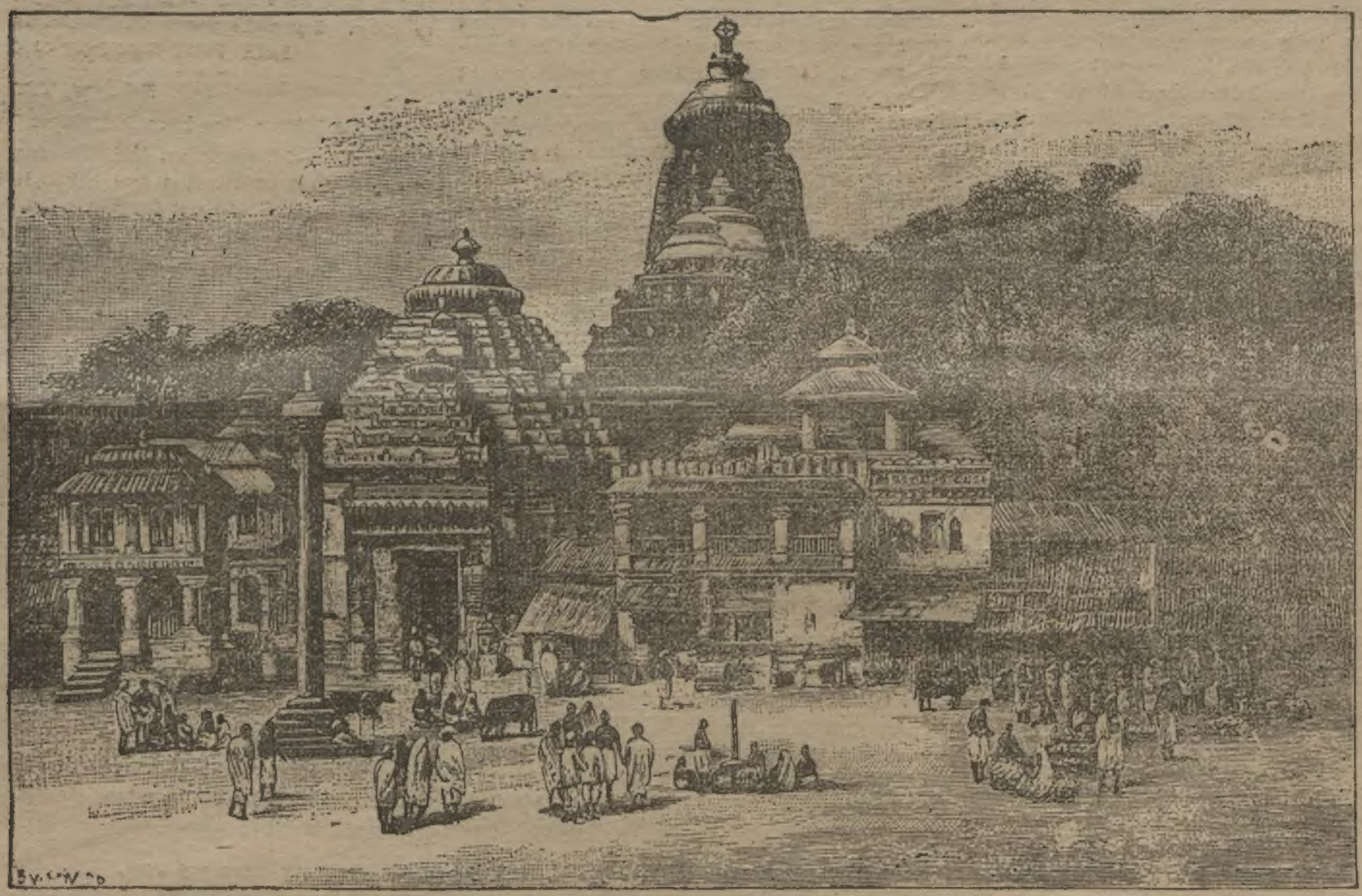
The famous Koh-i-noor diamond, now a crown jewel of England, was once bequeathed to Jaganath.

Taking together the various kinds of income, the total amount coming into the coffers of Jaganath is estimated at not less than £68,000 a year. And we never get rest from hearing of the poverty of India!

Some further idea of the magnitude of this vast establishment may be gathered from the number of persons employed in it various services. There are thirty-six orders and ninety-seven classes of priests in attendance on the idol itself, and the number of priests, temple-keepers, and pilgrim-guides amounts to 6,000. Counting all who directly or indirectly, men, women, and children, live by the service of this single god Jaganath in Puri, the figure stands at 20,000. Think of a kitchen big enough to cook food every day for 90,000 pilgrims alone, yet this is done within that sacred enclosure during the Car festival.

The variety of service and servants within the temple would satisfy the highest type of ritualist. Decorators of the idol, strewers of flowers around it, 'priests of the wardrobe, bakers, cooks, guards, musicians, dancing-girls, torch-bearers, grooms, elephant-keepers, and artizans of every sort. There are distinct sets of servants to put the god to bed, to dress him, and to bathe him, and a special department keeps up the temple records.'

One, unaccustomed to heathenism as it is, is at a loss to imagine how intelligent human beings are capable of believing a piece of wood, well known to be only wood, to be or in any way represent deity. They would not admit that it is only wood. They say the deity Jaganath is in the wood, has been brought into it by the charm or spell of a priest, and remains in it a spirit unseen, and it is for this reason that they bow themselves before it. This is, no doubt, the theory, but practically the common people lose all sight of a spiritual element in the idol, and really worship it, and it alone; and the sight of a sacred



TEMPLE OF JAGANATH—THE IDOL STANDS IN THE TALLEST.

thing again and again brought before the mind creates an infatuation that nothing but divine truth can dispel. To all spiritual things the soul becomes dark as midnight—the seen and the material alone remains, and so the words of our favorite hymn are true in fact:—

'The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.'

Post Office Crusade

The year 1902 closed free of debt with a balance on hand towards the expiring subscriptions in January.

The following subscriptions are acknowledged with gratitude:—E. J. Taylor, 50c.; M. A., Nova Scotia, $2.00; A Mother and Son, $2.00, which is part of their tithe; and $1.00 from a young lady who is interested in educational work in India. The letters and good wishes accompanying these gifts are helpful and inspiring.

The little boy in India who asked for stamps is to be supplied, and the young girl who desires the 'Girl's Companion' is provided for. The missionary who wished for 'World Wide' and an educational journal for a native principal of a school in India has also her request granted. The 'Canadian Educational Monthly' will go direct from office of publication, in Toronto, thanks to a kindergarten friend.

The 'Little Green God,' requested by Mrs. Craig, at Samulcotta, India, will also be mailed from Toronto. This for the Missionaries' Lending Library, with 'World Wide.'

'I know why you came to America,' said a Boston lady to Miss Sorabji, of Poona. 'God sent you to warn and enlighten our women who are being carried away by the doctrines of Hindu missionaries to America.' Then she burst into tears and said, 'My daughter is one of the converts; she will not eat meat now, because she thinks the cow is a sacred animal.'

'I send you these rose leaves. Pray for the women of whom I write.' This message came to the writer in a letter. 'She is an American, a white woman, but she leaps and dances before the God Krishna.'

'The Little Green God' is a true story written by a minister's wife in the States. It gives an account of Hinduism among cultured families on this continent.

Thanks are also due for papers from Mrs. Little, of Inverness, and Miss Rennie, of Montreal Annex, and for a nice, large, clean parcel of Bible cards from Edwin Millan, aged 8. Will the friends for the future who have papers to mail to India please direct them to one or all of these addresses. It will save time, strength, and postage for me if you will send them to India, instead of Westmount. I have large numbers on hand now. This coming year can we not send out great quantities to India. One cent for every two ounces; papers to be done up firmly, addressed clearly, to

MRS. MOORE,
Soldiers' Home,
Wellington,
Nilgin,
South India.

This lady is the widow of a Presbyterian minister. She gives her whole time, strength and means to work among soldiers.

MISS DUNHILL,
12 S. Parade,
Bangalore, India.

This lady is the national organizer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, one of, if not the strongest, evangelizing agencies in India.

MRS. McLAURIN,
Coonoor. India.

A whole-souled White Ribboner whose whole life has been consecrated to missions. She was the first woman in India to encourage the Post-office Crusade.

MRS. CRAIG,
Samulcotta, India.

A teacher, who is an active member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is greatly in sympathy with the Post-office Crusade.

In addition to these names look up those of your own missionaries in India, and let there go out a flood of papers during 1903. Is there work to do by the press? Read these words and ponder over the matter seriously:—

'Pernicious literature in India is doing much damage. A black sewer of papers is pouring into the land. It has one hundred and ten weekly newspapers published in the native languages which have a distinct bias against Christianity and the settled order of Christian civilization. In Lucknow and Cawnpore fifty presses are at work turning out tons of impure and anti-Christian literature every week. Buddhist priests translate Ingersoll's tracts to counteract missionary teaching, and not a student leaves the university in Madras without receiving a package of infidel literature. The old religions of India mighty as they are, are crumbling away before the progress of education, and many a student in passing through college loses all his religious belief. The great fight of the incoming century will not be against misbelief but against unbelief. "To pour in a flood of Gospel literature," says the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who visited India, and learned these truths for himself, "is the only way to save India to Christianity."'

Will you not take hold bravely, and from individuals, Sunday-schools and missionary societies let there go out a pure, sweet stream of uplifting Gospel messages.

To those who wish to direct papers from the office of publication I will cheerfully attend to your orders and put the commission into the work. Missionaries recommend the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Sabbath Reading.' A large demand is growing for the 'World Wide.' All Canadian Sunday-school papers, but not those published by United States publishers, will be useful. Send all the good British literature you can. The more the better.

Another way in which you can help is to flood every paper you can possibly get an entrance into with a stirring recommendation for a reduction of the postage on newspapers. If you will read the writings of military men and such correspondents as the late lamented Steevens, whom Kitchener pronounced as 'most accurate' and 'conscientious,' you will be convinced politically as well as religiously of the importance of sending the best type of British Christian thought throughout the length and breadth of 'The Pearl of the East.'

Faithfully,

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.

Winnipeg, Man.

(To the Editor 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—I cannot do without your valuable paper. In Sunday-school I used it as a prize for perfect lessons where we used the leaflets. In the Maritime Provinces I was for thirty years connected with Sabbath and Christian Endeavor work. In December, 1902, the Lord laid me aside with muscular inflammatory rheumatism, which after years of suffering has now become chronic, and though I cannot move one inch either in bed or pillowed up in an arm chair yet I do a little teaching. A feeble-minded lad, a failure at school, is learning to read correctly and can now learn the Sunday-school lesson and commit the golden text to memory. As a stimulant, and an intellectual and spiritual helper, I give him weekly a copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' which I took when not half its present size. Yours respectfully,

MRS. E. N. DONKIN.

Lakeville, N.S.

(To the Editor 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—My boys go to Sunday-school, in which they get your valuable paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' each week, and we like it very much. We are so much pleased with the way the temperance is put in that we signed the pledge-roll, hoping it will be a help to my boys in years to come. I remain yours affectionately,

MRS. JAMES JOHNSTON.

Belmont, N.Y.

(To the Editor 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—I have taken the 'Messenger' from its first publication and think it is the best paper I can get for the price. I also send you an evening prayer that I composed this year, and which I think fits my case, as I am now nearly 91 years old; it may be so with others. Here is the prayer:—

Another day is past and gone,
The evening shades are here;
O may I now remember well
The night of death draws near.

I lay my garments by
Upon my bed to rest,
So death will soon disrobe me here
Of what I now possess.

Lord, keep me safe this night
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep
Till morning light appears,

And if I early rise
And view the unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

And when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
O may I in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

WILLISTON SIMONS.

It is a mistake to suppose that prayer-meetings do not attract people. The conventional prayer-meeting does not, and the frigid rehearsals which sometimes accompany the 'week of prayer' do not impress the public; but the live prayer-meeting, the spectacle of a group of men and women actually talking with God and the unseen power which pervades the service—these factors give a new character to the problem and place the subject of public prayer on what is practically a new basis, although the basis is as old as the New Testament. Let us have a revival of primitive prayer, and we shall not have long to wait for a revival of primitive power and salvation.—Bishop Thoburn.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Rash Adventure

('Friendly Greetings.')

A party of young people had gathered together for the purpose of exploring some rather famous caves, which, however, could only be reached at low water by a precipitous path from the heights above. When they reached the bottom of this path they found they were too early, for the ebbing tide had not yet receded far enough to permit them to reach the caves.

They stood pleasantly talking together, waiting for the retiring tide, when it was suggested that they might find a way down the side of the cliffs more speedy than the tiresome one of waiting for the tide. It was laughingly discussed, much doubted by most; but at last one of them, more venturesome than the rest, declared he would try.

Leaving his companions, he climbed the path they had just come down, and, crossing on to the hill above, he called to them to look out for him at the entrance to the caves.

At length, he arrived at the brow of the hill, and looking over, noticed a projecting ledge, along which he thought he might find a way. Dropping on to this ledge, he went on, following a downward course, and soon began to feel sure he would reach the caves sooner than his companions. After a while, however, the path became increasingly difficult, and at last he found himself on a ledge of rock, from whence it was absolutely impossible to get farther down, and looking over, he saw beneath him the dark-green sea rolling up to the base of the cliff, and seemingly of considerable depth.

Mortified at being thus suddenly stopped on his course, he turned round, and began to ascend again, though at the same time carefully looking out for a downward path. But it was in vain. The getting up was worse than the getting down. Again and again he had to turn back, unable to surmount the difficulties of the way. By what rash efforts he had managed to get down he hardly knew. It seemed as if it could scarcely be the same path. At last, wearied out, and almost despairing, he lay down to rest himself. Would he ever reach the summit of the cliff again?

As he lay there his heart instinctively turned to God. How often had he heard of his willingness to help! Might he now in this danger pray? It was a self-sought trouble—one he had entered on carelessly and thoughtlessly. Would God hear him if he prayed? Unless God helped him, worn out and almost unnerved as he was, he might die there, and leave his bones whitening on the hillside. And so he prayed—asked God for pardon for his rashness in thus rushng into danger, and for help in this hour of need.

And then he rose up, strengthened by this prayer, and began once more to follow the path. At first its trend was upwards, and then after a while it began to drop.

THEY STOOD PLEASANTLY TALKING TOGETHER, WAITING FOR THE RETIRING TIDE.

Soon it led him round a corner into a bay that till now he had not seen, and then gradually it dipped downwards on to the rocks beneath. Presently he was able to tread the gravel of the bay that led to the caves. There was the merry party he had left an hour or so before. They greeted him with a shout, but he was unable to respond, for his nerve was gone, his face was pallid with the effort he had made, and his knees quivering beneath him.

He lay down on the sand to rest whilst they went into the cave. And as he rested he asked himself the question, Was this an answer to prayer? It had come so naturally, was it not a mere coincidence? No, he felt it was an answer to his cry. Five times had he stumbled upwards, each time missing the road. The slightest change in his course might have caused him to miss it again. Whatever others might say, there was in him a deep inner conviction that God heard and helped him.

It was a turning-point in his life, God had met him. He had realized his presence and power as never before, and he was glad. Now he would be God's servant, and live for him.

And in after years, in many a trial through which he had to pass, the remembrance of this deliverance inspired him with a devout confidence in our father's care.

'In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths.'

A Child's Hymn.

(To the Editor 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—The following beautiful child's hymn was taught to me by my mother some sixty years ago, she having learned it when a little girl, nearly one hundred years since. Having never seen it in print, I send it for the benefit of the youthful readers of the 'Northern Messenger':—

How glad am I, I was not born
A Hindu or a slave,
To wander in a state forlorn
Down to an early grave.

I might have been Arabia's child,
The Koran taught to read,
Or been an Indian fierce and wild,
In wars to fight and bleed.

I might have worshipped at the shrine
Of dreadful Juggernaut,
Been thrown to crocodiles or swine
In some devoted spot.

But now my favored lot has been
In a dear Christian home,
Where I am taught the plague of sin
For which Christ did atone.

Where pious parents day by day
Teach me to love the Lord,
And evermore to watch and pray
And read God's Holy Word.

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Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00, for Great Britain, Montreal, and foreign countries, except United States, add 50 cts. for postage.

Lin Nichols's Mark.

(Sheldon C. Stoddard, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.')

The ice on Clarkson Pond had been splendid for weeks, and the young people had enjoyed it thoroughly. The pond was situated about midway between Silver Creek and Barker's Eddy, two thrifty inland villages some three miles apart. It was a large, smooth sheet of water several acres in extent, forming an almost ideal skating-ground for a longer or shorter period almost every winter, and at such times invariably the favorite resort of the young people of both villages, on Saturday afternoons especially.

As each village had its high school, justly its special pride, and as each school had its baseball nine, also its special pride, it was perhaps entirely natural that a certain amount of rivalry should exist between the young people of the two towns, and that much zealous championing should result therefrom as occasion seemed to demand. Natural or not, the rivalry existed, though usually in a good-natured way, but finally culminated in an object-lesson which those who witnessed will not soon forget.

Down near the dam there was always a place where the ice was very thin, with usually a small space of open water, caused, doubtless, by the presence of a spring of comparatively warm water. This place had always been shunned, as the surrounding ice was known to be treacherous. But the long-continued period of fine skating had taken away something of the first zest of the sport, and any new excitement was hailed with enthusiasm. Just how it started no one seemed to know, but it certainly became known that certain individuals had cut their marks very close to the 'spring hole,' as the place described was always called. The 'marks' were of course those cut by the skater as he shot over the ice at his utmost speed.

Sam Gleeson, of the Barker's Eddy school, had cut his mark within six feet of the open water, a feat which no one as yet had dared equal, much less excel; and the 'Barkers,' as their 'nine' with its following were called, were jubilant. Sam was captain of the ball team and the best skater in his school, a good enough fellow usually, but a little inclined to be arrogant and overbearing. The 'Barkers' had won the tie game from the 'Silvernines' just before the winter snow had made the diamond useless.

'Of course we're ahead,' said Dick Slade, an enthusiastic Barkerite, 'on the diamond or on the ice; we're bound to be.'

'Of course we are, everywhere,' echoed Nettie Miles; 'we just can't help it.'

'Just you wait till Lin Nichols gets back,' growled Will Edwards, a disgruntled Silverniner. 'You think great things all at once because you got the tie game, don't you?'

'Wait a little longer,' sang black-eyed May Eaton, gracefully cutting M. E. on the ice as she skated. 'Lin can beat the whole crowd of you on skates'

'There's a mark waiting for him up by the spring hole,' said Sam Gleeson a little vainglorioously as he circled by.

'My, but I wish Lin would come!' said Will Edwards to a little group of the faithful. 'That crowd is suffering to be let down a notch or two. I'd try it myself if I was half a skater. Lin can go all round me. He's coming now!' he shouted a moment later. 'That's his whistle! He's always whistling "Annie Laurie"! Let's meet him and put him on to the situation.'

Whistling cheerily as he swung along at a rapid walk, Lin Nichols came down the path to the pond, with his skates slung over his shoulder. He was a tall, athletic young fellow of perhaps eighteen, with steady grey eyes and a quiet, pleasant way that every one liked. The group greeted him enthusiastically, and at once proceeded to 'put him on to the situation.' He listened attentively.

'So Sam has cut his mark within six feet of the "spring hole," has he?' he said when the situation was carefully explained. 'I did not think that any one who knew Clarkson Pond could be so foolhardy,' he added quietly. Then he said slowly, 'And you want me to beat him, I suppose?'

No one said anything for a moment.

'I do believe Lin is going to back out,' whispered May to Will. But Lin heard, and his face flushed.

Then Billy Snowe spoke up.

'But it held Sam—but it cracked some—but you can skate faster than Sam—and—and——'

'"But," Billy,' corrected Lin; '"but" seems to be your word just now.'

'But they got the tie,' persisted Billy, in whose usually placid breast the memory of the late defeat rankled strongly. 'And now they're getting just awful. Just hear 'em beller!' and he looked wrathfully at the shouting 'Barkers.'

The group nodded sympathetically at Billy. Lin snapped the skate-levers to their places and straightened up. He had just returned after an absence of several days on business for his mother; his father had died two years before. He turned to his mates, and said slowly: 'Getting one tie doesn't decide everything; and as for this great exploit of Sam's, I consider it simply useless, foolish bravado. If there was anything to justify the action, it would be different. Until I think there is,' he added deliberately, though again his face flushed, 'you will find "my mark" a good, honest distance this side the safety limit.' He skated swiftly out a little way, then back on a long, graceful curve.

'You needn't think I don't mind,' he said, looking earnestly at the group and particularly, perhaps, at May as she pulled impatiently at the ends of her scarlet scarf—and her black eyes had a sudden bright spark in them, for the challenging shouts were getting loud and strong, 'but I made a promise to the little mother at home that fits just such occasions as this, and I'm going to keep it,' and with a sudden resolute dash he was away up the pond.

A louder shout, this time plainly a taunting one, came from the Barker's Eddy crowd as they saw the champion refuse the gauntlet. Lin heard it, and he rankled. Strong and active to an unusual degree for one of his age, he was the acknowledged leader of his faction in all athletic sports, and with his pleasant, quiet way he was a universal favorite. 'Taking a back seat,' as he called it, was something new to him; but his own good sense told him he was right; and besides, there was his promise, and he shut his teeth resolutely; but he winced as he thought of May Eaton and her half-concealed scorn. They had always been the best of friends, and had passed many a pleasant hour to-

gether on the pond, for she was a swift and skilful skater.

'I'm going home,' said Will Edwards shortly. 'I can't stand this.'

'I'm not,' said May, the sparks in the black eyes growing brighter and two red spots appearing in her cheeks. 'I'm going to spoil Sam Gleeson's mark.'

'Don't you try it, May!' called Will earnestly. But May was already far out on the pond, skimming swiftly over the ice in the direction of the 'spring hole.'

It was a pretty sight, the trim figure of the graceful girl with jaunty jacket and flying scarf. Always a good skater, she was now at her best. The shouts of the jeering 'Barkers' suddenly ceased as the lithe figure shot past. All paused instinctively. One circle near the mark to get the exact situation, the bright spots in her cheeks flaming; then she summoned all her energies. Not a sound was heard save the ringing of her skates as again she raced towards the treacherous ice so near the still, black water. Out, still out; the thin ice bent and cracked—there! a foot, a full foot beyond Sam Gleeson's boasted mark, and on again to safety.

What a shout from the Silvernines and their friends! Again and again they took it up, Bill Snowe fairly rolling on the ice in exuberant glee. Far up the pond, Lin Nichols heard it, and divined its meaning. He smiled to himself a little grimly as he thought of the misconstruction that he knew had been placed upon his action and the injustice of it all. The thought of May's scornful eyes stung the most. They had had such grand times together, but now——. He thought he would skate a little longer and then go home. The fun, somehow, was gone.

But what a change in the group from Barker's Eddy! When Lin had deliberately refused the challenge, they had considered their champion's mark secure, and their boasting had increased with their confidence. They were a crestfallen lot. Appealingly they turned again to Sam. He looked at the narrowed place by the open water apprehensively. But—be beaten—and by a girl? Not he. Suddenly he darted out upon the ice, quick determination upon his face. He was not lacking in courage of a certain sort, and he was a swift and skilful skater, none better in either school with the possible exception of Lin, this being still a disputed point. He took one or two preliminary circles, and then nerved himself for a supreme effort. Again the shouting ceased until no sound was heard save the ring of the flashing skates.

Instinctively all leaned forward, some apprehensively, but all half-wild with excitement. He was making a splendid effort.

Out he went, far out; he was close to the mark now and aiming to cut six inches beyond it, when a crack sounded upon the air and he distinctly felt the ice settle beneath his feet. With a sudden pallor upon his face he turned toward the solid ice, and by the swiftness of his flight reached it—barely reached it, and that was all; for, even as he shot out upon it, a great section over which he had passed a second before sank and disappeared in the dark water. And, after all, his mark—all had seen it—was six inches short of May Eaton's. There was no shouting this time from either side, as Sam with a white, scared face came back to the two groups, for all realized how nearly there had been a tragedy.

'She beat me fair enough,' said Sam, 'and I'm going home. She's grit clear through, I'll say that for her,' he added, with a glance of new respect at May.

'Silver Creeks is ahead this time, anyway, May, thanks to you,' said Will Edwards with hearty admiration as they were going home. 'My, but you did that just straight splendid!'

'I don't know whether there was anything very splendid about it,' she replied with a kind of doubtful smile. 'I wish it had been Lin,' she added abruptly, 'instead of me.'

'I don't see what has come over Lin,' mused Will. 'I can't understand it.' Then he added, 'The idea that he should hold back, of all others!'

And May, although she felt in her heart that Lin had been in the right, also wondered silently. She did not quite understand some of his views, or perhaps did not agree with them, and she was loath to think that the handsome, athletic young fellow was lacking in courage; yet she wished again it had been he who had beaten Sam Gleeson.

It did not take Lin Nichols long to discover that a change had come over the Silver Creeks school, at least in its relation to him. No allusion, that is, no direct allusion, was ever made to that day at Clarkson Pond when he refused the challenge; but in countless ways, many of them almost indefinable, he was made to feel that the school resented his action and was determined not to overlook it. And that was exactly the intention. The feeling against him had grown until, when Billy Snowe declared openly one day that 'Lin lacked nerve,' he found plenty of supporters. But Lin came to school steadily, and steadily held his peace.

The winter wore slowly away. An early thaw broke up the ice on the pond and spoiled the skating. It proved to be an unhealthy winter, the last part of it, the frequent and violent changes of weather trying even the robust. Nothing to cause alarm had occurred, however, until one day news was brought that an epidemic of malignant diphtheria had broken out on Beetle street, about a mile from Clarkson Pond. Then there was indeed consternation. The people of Silver Creek had cause to dread this disease. A few years before it had ravaged a part of their own town, and many a broken home circle bore sad witness to its power. All were apprehensive; many openly expressed their fears, while some refused to travel the street at all, preferring to make a long detour when compelled by necessity to pass that way. It was the chief topic of conversation everywhere, in street, shop, and school.

One day at school Lin Nichols's desk was vacant. All noticed it uneasily. It was the same the next day, but this time the principal received a note brought by a neighbor, stating that Lin was away and would not be at school for a few weeks.

'Scared out, I'll bet, and left,' promptly commented Billy Snowe as soon as he heard of it and this time, as before, Billy did not lack for supporters.

But the days went by; and, thanks to a strict quarantine and effective measures everywhere, the disease did not spread beyond a few houses on fated Beetle street. In some of these, however, there were sorrow and mourning.

The winter term of the high school at Silver Creek was drawing to a close. It was the last week of the term, and as usual there was bustle and activity everywhere. One day just before the noon hour the teachers of all the departments requested all the pupils to meet in the large chapel directly after the noon intermission.

Promptly at the time all were in their places, wondering at the unusual innovation. Seated on the platform with the principal was Dr. Hart, the leading physician of the village, whom the principal at once introduced, saying he wished to make a few remarks.

The brusque doctor rose and briskly said: 'I'm not going to make a speech, young people. I'm just going to tell a very short story, and a part of this you know already. I have little doubt that you all remember one Saturday afternoon last winter, when up at Clarkson Pond a number of young people were engaged in cutting 'marks' on some dangerous ice near a piece of open water on the pond. There came near being a terrible accident there that day, as I understand it; so near, in fact, that it was averted by a hair's breadth.'

The room was very still. 'Also, as I understand it,' continued the doctor, 'Lin Nichols was there that day, and refused to cut his "mark" close up to this open water, although requested by many of his schoolmates to do so in order to "beat" some one else,'—the doctor looked around the silent room slowly, then went on,—'and thereby forfeited the respect and loyalty of his schoolfellows, who intimated, and many of whom declared outright, that he lacked nerve and courage.'

The doctor paused again. Several young people moved uneasily in their seats.

'This part of my story,' resumed the doctor, 'you know. I will now proceed to the part that you do not know. There has been this winter a terrible epidemic over on Beetle street. You have all lived in deadly fear of it for several weeks, fearing it would appear here. I don't blame you, but I wish to call your attention to one family in particular that I attended on that street. The mother and two children were attacked by this terrible scourge. The father had been injured a few days before while logging, and was helpless, could do nothing for himself, let alone others. A young fellow was doing the farm chores, but he left on the instant that he learned what disease was in the house. There was no one to help the distressed family. Positively I could not find one human being to go near these suffering people, not one. All fled at the thought as from death itself.

'I was about at my wit's end. I began to fear that the whole family would die alone. I stopped at the Widow Nichols's one day to get warm, as I was returning home, and told the circumstances there. The next day, when I visited those sick people, I was relieved to hear some one moving about the house before I went in. They had found help at last, I thought. I opened the door, and found they had. The "help" was Lin Nichols.

'Surprised, do you think? Well, I rather think I was. In reply to my exclamation of astonishment he said in that quiet way of his: "It seemed to be the only way, doctor. We can't leave people in this way to die." And he didn't leave

them. He just stayed right with them, the fellow that left there taking his place at home. Night and day he was over the sick, giving the medicine and dressing the poor, diseased throats—yes, you shudder at the thought, but his was the reality. He saved their lives: that's what he did. I'm as certain of it as I am that I am standing here to-day—this young fellow who refused to cut a foolish, useless mark on dangerous ice, the fellow who lacked "nerve" and "courage," Lin Nichols.' The aroused doctor produced a big silk handkerchief and blew his nose vigorously.

'Why he didn't contract the disease passes my comprehension; but he didn't. Of course he was quarantined with the rest. No, he didn't cut his mark on Clarkson Pond last winter, young people; but,' concluded the doctor with a sudden burst, 'he has a mark. The recording angel cut it high up on the walls of the Eternal City. That's where Lin Nichols's mark is, and there it'll stay forever. I shouldn't have been here to-day, only that I knew Lin never would tell of this himself, and I thought you ought to know it.'

The doctor after a few more remarks went out, and the principal wisely declared a short recess.

The older pupils, their feelings a mixture of chagrin, remorse, and repentance, formed themselves into a corner group almost instinctively. 'I'm looking for a good lively hand to help me hate myself,' declared with great energy Billy Snowe.

'Can we ever make amends to Lin?' asked Will Edwards remorsefully.

'We can try,' said May Eaton softly.

And they did.

Leslie Harmon, Treasurer.

(Ida T. Thurston, in 'The Wellspring.')

The nominating committee of the Christian Endeavor society had made out the list of officers for the new year—all except that of treasurer. Whom to select for that office was a puzzling question over which the committee had spent more time than over all the other names, together.

'Oh, dear!' sighed Grace Keen at last, wearily pushing aside the list of names, 'I wish the office of treasurer could be abolished. Nobody wants it.'

'One reason that nobody wants it is that the members of the society are so slow about paying their dues,' declared Anna Haven, the color rising in her cheeks. 'I know the year that I was treasurer I used to feel so uncomfortable when I had to dun delinquent members month after month. I felt as if they hated the sight of me. I wish we'd do as most Christian Endeavor societies, and abolish dues altogether.'

'It's a shame that a treasurer should be made to feel that way!' said Harvey Randall, chairman of the committee. 'I never made you feel so, did I, Miss Haven?'

'No, never. You always paid your dues in advance. You and a few others were all that made the office endurable to me, that year.'

'But I try to remember,' put in Helen Hall, 'that it isn't easy for some of the girls to pay their dues promptly. I mean those who have no regular income of their own. I know lots of girls who never can tell whether they'll have one dollar or five or ten, in a month.'

'I suppose that's so,' returned Harvey, thoughtfully. 'It must be mighty unpleasant for girls whose money matters are so uncertain.'

'But since they know that they are to be called on for these dues, they ought to put by the money when they do have it,' insisted Anna. 'That's the way I do.'

'The treasurer is to blame, sometimes,' put in a quiet girl who had been silent until now. 'I remember one treasurer we had who used to demand the dues in such a disagreeable fashion that I always felt like telling him that I wouldn't pay.'

'A sort of "Stand and deliver" fashion; "Your money or your life." I remember that treasurer,' laughed Harvey. 'I quite sympathize with you, Miss Allen.'

'Then wouldn't it be a good idea to select for our treasurer one of our most charming girls?' questioned Charlie Ellis, looking about the circle, with a smile.

'Yes; one who would charm the money out of the most reluctant pockets,' asserted Harvey. 'That's a good idea, Charlie.'

'Why not try Leslie Harmon, then? She comes as near to that description as any girl in the society,' suggested the quiet girl, Louise Allen.

A chorus of laughter from the others greeted the suggestion, and Louise drew back, coloring shyly. 'Leslie Harmon!' cried Helen. 'Why, she never could keep the account straight in the world. Besides, she wouldn't accept the position.'

'Never can tell till we try,' returned Harvey. 'We can't seem to agree on anybody else, and we can't stay here all night discussing the matter. Why not put her name down, anyhow? She may not refuse to serve, and if she does—well, we must find somebody else, that's all.'

So Leslie Harmon was nominated, and at the next business meeting she was elected treasurer of the Christian Endeavorer society. She was not present at that meeting, and when she received a note informing her of her election she looked first amused and incredulous, and then a shadow of perplexity crept into her brown eyes. She carried the note to her mother and asked what she should do about it.

'Do? Why, do your duty, of course. I suppose you know what a treasurer's duties are, do you not?' her mother answered.

'Why, I've a dim idea,' returned Leslie, half-laughing. 'But, mother, it's too absurd! I a treasurer! You know I never could keep my own cash account straight. How in the world am I to keep account of other people's money?'

'I think it will be excellent practice for you, dear,' replied her mother. 'I'm very glad that you have been elected.'

Leslie raised her pretty brows and laughed. 'So that's all the sympathy I get,' she said. 'Well, if I'm to be made treasurer whether I will or no, you'll have to help me out if I get my accounts all tangled up, and I'm sure I shall. Remember now, mother, I shall depend on you to help me out.'

'No dear,' you must not depend on me,' her mother said, gravely. 'This is work that you yourself must do for the master.'

At that gentle, reverent reminder, the laughter died out of the girl's eye, and a sweet gravity touched her pretty face. She leaned over quickly and kissed her mother's forehead.

'I'll try, mother,' she whispered, softly, and then slipped away to her own room where she made some very earnest resolutions.

Never before in the history of that Christian Endeavor society had the monthly dues and the missionary dues been so promptly paid as they were that year. Leslie had such a pretty, coaxing way of asking, that the girls found it hard to refuse her, or to put her off till some other time.

Of course the young men paid their dues without demur. In fact, most of the young men had paid promptly even when called upon by a brusque masculine treasurer; but then most of them had regular incomes from which to pay.

So the treasury had always enough to meet the demands upon it, and the executive committee showered thanks and compliments on their most successful treasurer, and laughingly threatened to make her hold the office for life.

Leslie kept the society money in a box in her upper bureau drawer, and, as most of the payments were in small sums, this box was soon well filled with dimes, nickels, and quarters. It was not long before the girl fell into the habit of resorting to it whenever she wanted change for a bill. One day it happened that a C.O.D. package was brought to the house when her father and mother were both absent, and her own purse chanced to be empty. She stood wondering what she should do, when the thought of the Christian Endeavor money occurred to her. She would borrow from that, just until her father came home.

After supper she perched on the arm of her father's chair, and laughingly held out before him her empty purse. He pinched her dimpled cheek, teased her a little about her extravagance, and ended by tucking a big bill into the pretty purse. It was two days before Leslie got that big bill changed and replaced the money she had borrowed from the box.

But that was only the beginning. That box of change was such a convenience when she wanted a quarter for car tickets or for postage stamps or for chocolates. Of course, she returned every penny of it, only after a while she found it difficult to remember just how much she had borrowed. The first time that this happened she felt uncomfortable, and she stood for several minutes with the open box in her hand, her brows wrinkled in the effort to remember. Was it a quarter or a half dollar that she had taken out yesterday? 'Oh, well,' she threw back her head with a little laugh, 'I'm not going to worry over it. I'll put in a dollar. I know I didn't borrow that much.'

So she put in a dollar out of her own purse and felt that she had been very generous, for she was almost sure that was seventy-five cents more than she owed the account. But this over-payment made her feel all the more free to borrow again and yet again, knowing, of course, that she could always repay. Sometimes when she took out half a dollar or a quarter, she dropped into the box a memorandum of the amount taken. She meant always to do so, but often she was in a hurry and trusted to her memory.

It was in December that her mother was suddenly summoned to the bedside of a sick relative, and departed in great haste, her husband going part of the way with her. Leslie had been so busy helping her mother off that she had given no thought to herself, but when she turned back into the house after the carriage had driven off, a feeling of loneliness took possession of

her. The house seemed so big and empty, and so still! She went round her mother's room picking up and putting away the things that had been left about in the hasty packing. Presently she heard the bell ring, and a maid brought her a card.

'Harvey Randall,' Leslie read. 'I'll go right down. I wonder what he has come for,' she added to herself, a vague uneasiness stirring in her mind as she thought of the Christian Endeavor fund. Somehow—she didn't know why—she was uncomfortable lately whenever she thought of that fund.

But she looked very bright and charming when, a few minutes later, she cordially greeted her unexpected caller. He was in no haste—Leslie was a delightful hostess—and the minutes slipped away rapidly. But at last he said:

'I had almost forgotten that I came partly on business. You see we haven't had to worry about our Christian Endeavor bills since we made you treasurer. It's a big relief to know that there's always enough on hand to meet our payments.' He drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to her. 'The printer's bill,' he explained, 'for topic-cards, and the tickets for our last pay social.'

Leslie glanced at the bill. 'You want me to pay this?' she inquired.

'Oh, no; I'll not trouble you to do that. You can just hand me the money, and I'll pay it. I came up on my wheel and I can stop at the printer's on my way back.'

'Then if you will excuse me, I'll go up to my cash box,' she laughed, a little nervously.

She did not return immediately; when she did, her face was flushed, and her eyes troubled. She held a box in her hand.

'We haven't money enough to pay that bill,' she said, gravely.

'Not enough? Why, there must be some mistake. You reported last month that all the dues were paid except some half-dozen and there was that ten dollars from one of our honorary members. There must be some mistake in your account, Miss Harmon. Suppose we go over it together—I'm not bad at addition and subtraction,' the young man laughed.

Leslie listened, the color deepening in her face and her eyes smarting with the tears she would not shed. She had never before in her life felt so mortified, but she spoke bravely.

'Mr. Randall, I'm ashamed—I don't know what you'll think of me—but I've been awfully careless about this account. I've just kept it lately in my head—not on paper. I—I'— She caught her breath with a half sob, then hurried on, 'I'm not fit to be a treasurer. I never ought to have accepted the office. Oh, what shall I do?'

Harvey Randall was looking at her gravely. He was not thinking now how pretty she was, with her brown eyes appealing to him through a mist of tears.

'But if you haven't kept the account, you have the bills you've paid, of course,' he said, 'and the rest of the money must be there.' He glanced at the box in her hand. 'Surely there is more than enough to pay this bill,' he repeated, perplexed.

'But—but,' she stammered, the color deepening to scarlet in her cheeks, 'you see I've—I've—borrowed from this when I wanted change, and I'm afraid—perhaps—I haven't always remembered to return it.' Suddenly she dropped the box into her lap and covered her burning face with her hands. 'O Mr. Randall,' she sobbed, 'I see now how wrong—how wickedly careless, I've been! It wasn't my own—it was trust money—and I had no right to be careless with it—no right.' She looked up at him now through wet lashes. 'Of course I will make it right. How much do you think there ought to be in the treasury now; have you any idea?'

The young man was familiar with the affairs of the society. He made a rapid mental calculation. 'At least seventeen dollars,' he said, very gravely.

'Well, there's eleven here,' said Leslie, quickly. 'I will add enough to that to make it twice seventeen. That is surely more than it could be; and, Mr. Randall, from this time on I will never borrow anything from this fund, and I will keep a strict account of every penny that passes through my hands. That is all I can do, and,' she added, sorrowfully, 'that will not restore my self-respect. You see, I never before realized that it was really wrong to be careless about money.'

'As you said, this was trust money,' Harvey reminded her. 'And about this bill?'

'Oh, dear!' the girl's lips quivered again. 'I shall have to wait till father comes home; that will be to-morrow. Can it wait till then?'

'Oh, yes, that will be all right,' the young man answered, hastily, as he rose. He was thinking what a different call this had been from what he had anticipated.

'But—Mr. Randall'— He stopped and turned back at the hesitating call.

'I know I'm not fit to be treasurer,' the girl stumbled on, 'but do you suppose they'd give me a chance to redeem myself? Do you suppose it would be right to let me keep the office and try?'

'Surely, Miss Harmon!' was the quick reply. 'Of course I shall never mention what you have told me, and I'm sure that you will be a model treasurer in all respects, hereafter.'

'Thank you,' was all she said, and he went away wondering over the look with which she said it.

He understood the meaning of that look at the next business meeting. The treasurer was present, and when the opportunity came for her to speak, she rose quietly. She did not spare herself at all, but told the story of her careless stewardship, and her bitter mortification when she was called upon for the money that should have been in her hands and was not.

'I told my father all about it,' she ended, 'and he felt, if possible, worse than I did about it. Here is his check for fifty dollars.' She laid the slip of paper on the table. 'And here,' putting another paper beside it, 'is my resignation. If you don't want to trust your money with me again I can't blame you, and you must accept this. But if you can trust me, I shall be so very glad, and I can promise that my accounts shall be strictly kept hereafter.'

Of course they wouldn't accept her resignation, and they all did and said everything they could think of to comfort her. Yet Leslie Harmon never in her life did a harder thing than the keeping of that office for the remainder of the year, and never again did she borrow so much as one penny from her trust funds.

The cost of maintaining a tobacco pipe for a year would make a good beginning towards the purchase of a high grade bicycle.—'Trinity Chimes.'

The Conveyance Committee.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in the 'Wellspring.')

But one committee remained to be appointed—that on obtaining the team with which to convey the children to the annual picnic ground at Oak Hill. Inquisitive members of the society turned round and scanned the rows of faces behind them, as the chairman made the announcement. Yes, he was there, on the back seat, near the door.

'I nominate Truman Scott,' said Dr. Hersey, rising. 'Second the nomination.' It was the third time in three successive years that the minister's wife had seconded the nomination of Truman Scott for this position.

'I feel safe,' she thought to herself, 'with him in charge. He's so reliable that we can fully depend upon him.'

'Those in favor of Truman Scott's serving on this committee signify it by rising,' put the chairman. 'Unanimously carried!'

Truman Scott was disappointed. He had hoped he might be selected for one of the other committees instead of the one on which he had served ever since he had joined the society.

Harold Blanchard was chairman of the Amusement Committee, with Ethel Beckwith and Amy Randolph as associates. Ray Hammond and Burchard Needham had charge of the music. What a pleasure it would be were he a member of the soliciting band, with a chance to ride to Oak Hill with young people of his own age!

He had waited anxiously as each committee was read and nominations made, hoping expectantly that some member of the society would mention his name for one of the desirable positions. But no; he was reserved to take charge of the children's team.

'It's because I have to work that, whenever there's anything disagreeable to be done, they shift it onto me,' he said, almost resentfully, to himself, hurrying from the room before anyone could say a pleasant good evening.

'They think that all I'm good for is to drudge; that I have no capacity for pleasure like the other fellows. I suppose they think I haven't been educated to enjoy myself.'

Truman Scott walked stolidly along the rough country road beyond the outskirts of the village till he came to the turn leading up to the one-story, weather-beaten house, set in thirty yards or more from the travelled thoroughfare.

Here he had lived, with his widowed mother and little sister, since his father had died at the Brokaw Hospital, nearly four years before, and in all that time his only holidays had been the annual Oak Hill picnics. His steadiness and application had become proverbial in the village, and, whenever a task was undertaken by Truman Scott, it was known that it would be done thoroughly and well.

By his labor on the small, rocky farm, he had supported the little family comfortably, while from the odd jobs he obtained from the farmers about and in the village, he had not only paid the expenses of his father's last illness at the hospital, but had met the rent of the farm, which they hired, and had already paid one instalment toward its purchase.

'They may find, when Thursday comes,

that I'll not stand it to be imposed upon, year after year!'

This was said with a determined shake of the head unusual to Truman Scott, as he reached the stone steps of the woodbine-covered piazza.

'You are back earlier than you expected, aren't you, dear?' remarked Mrs. Scott, on Truman's entrance, looking up with motherly fondness from her knitting. 'Couldn't have had much opposition,' smiling.

'No; they have a tacit agreement that the best places on the committees shall go to Blanchard, Hammond, Needham, and the other fellows, and that anything they'll not take may come to me! They've granted me the privilege, as a great condescension, to get the team from Newell's and drive the children. Then, too, it's understood that the one on that committee has to see to the feeding and watering of the other people's horses. I wonder how Hammond or Blanchard would look, getting the horse feed over their city-cut clothes,' and, with an unmistakable tone of rebellion in his voice, Truman took up his lamp and started for bed.

'I'm glad you're going to drive,' said Edith, Truman's little sister, the next morning, when she heard who had been appointed to the various picnic committees. 'It's a very bad road coming home, but I know that with you driving,' proudly, 'everything'll be splendid. Nothing can happen. That's what Alice Collins's mother says, and nobody knows better'n the minister's wife.'

'I call that a great compliment, Truman,' remarked his mother, glancing up from her work.

'Aren't you glad you're going with us, rather'n with the real big folks?' and Edith coaxingly took her brother's rough hand in her own soft, delicate one.

'Perhaps,' replied Truman, evasively. 'Kiss me, Tot, before I go to work. I shall not be home till evening. By-by!'

The door closed softly.

'Dear little Tot, I hate to disappoint her, but it will teach the others a lesson; they'll not feel they can always impose upon me as they have. It may be mean, but I'm afraid to-morrow there'll be no team turn up, with me driving,' determinedly. 'Let Mr. Somebody-else do it for once!'

That evening Truman was late in getting back from his work in the village. It was dark when he turned from the main thoroughfare into the crossroad, leading along the ridge to his home.

At the turn he met two men engaged in conversation. It was so dark they didn't recognize the tired young workman, as he walked hurriedly by.

'It gives promise of a fine day to-morrow.' The minister was speaking. 'I'm glad for the children's sake; a postponement isn't so disappointing to grown-up folks. I'm glad that Truman Scott has charge of the children's team. He's one of the most reliable fellows I ever met; true as steel and reliable as the sun. It's a delight to find a boy—for Truman isn't twenty yet—whom you know will not fail whatever the trust committed him.'

Truman Scott, in the darkness, blushed at the minister's praise, so earnestly spoken.

'And I almost proved false,' he thought, hurrying on up the hill. A light was blinking merrily through the kitchen window, as he entered the yard. The door opened and Edith looked out.

'Got the horses engaged?' she asked, expectantly. 'Minister's been here and says we want to get an early start, so as to make a long day of it. Did you tell Mr. Newell we'd want them early?'

'No, Tot; I'm going down after supper. My! I'm hungry! Everything'll be ready, don't you fear.'

'He's settled it; I thought he would,' said his mother, thankfully, hearing her son's cheery voice from the kitchen. 'I knew he'd get over feeling it was a slight, when he had had time to consider.'

Truman was up with the light the next morning, and the group that left the post-office before any other team was ready was the merriest company of little folks he had ever driven to a picnic. Edith had never seemed so happy.

'I'm glad I didn't disappoint her,' acknowledged Truman, at almost every expression of Edith's childish delight.

'Isn't it nice to have him take us?' he heard the happy child confide to the little girl beside her. 'You don't know how good and dear and safe he is,' thinking of the remark of the minister's wife. 'He's the best brother! I love him a world full!'

Had not the resentment already passed from Truman's mind, it would have found a conquering enemy in Edith's words of appreciation.

'Dear little Tot!' whispered her brother, gathering up the reins with an encouraging gesture.

The picnic was successful in every respect. Everyone seemed happy, and no one more so than Truman Scott.

On the way home, at the first steep hill, there was a dull crash. Truman turned suddenly pale. From the jolting of weeks, probably, a nut had unscrewed itself, letting the whiffletree fall on the nigh horse's legs.

As it struck his heels, the animal gave a bound, throwing the astonished children in a heap on the floor of the waggon. Every time the frantic horse plunged forward, the whiffletree would swing back, giving a sharp clip as it again rebounded.

'Stay where you are; don't try to keep your seats!' called Truman to the frightened children, his command hardly audible above their terrified cries.

Truman held the reins tight and pressed down the foot brake with all the energy he could command.

'I'll wait till we get to the steep rise beyond. If the waggon will only keep upright till then!' he silently planned.

They had passed the last pitch, the horses becoming somewhat less terrified by the steady hold on the reins and Truman's reassuring 'Whoa!' a sound long familiar to them.

'Now!' Truman braced himself for the supreme effort, for they had reached the middle of the upgrade, and beyond was a second hill, steeper than the first, at whose base was a narrow, unprotected bridge.

By almost superhuman strength, the team was brought to a standstill just on the brow of the hill.

'What would have happened,' shuddered Truman, as he jumped to grasp the bits, 'had one of the other fellows driven—a fellow with less muscle. And,' as he reassuringly smiled at the frightened face of his little sister, 'I resented their appointing me on the committee!'

A Few Points.

('The Catholic Temperance Advocate.')

Manufacturers, if you continue to license the grog shops, where will you find sober, skilled labor ten years hence?

Do you know that the gin mill destroys the skill of your workmen and thus decreases your profits?

Have you not learned that a Sunday's debauch impairs the Monday's product of the mill?

Do you not know that the continued use of strong drink, even in so-called moderation, does the same thing?

Do you not know that it not only impairs the quality of the product, but decreases the quantity?

Do you not know that if you had only total abstainers in your employ and were to pay the same wages now paid, your profits would be increased 25 percent?

Well, it is true.

Then, can you afford to sustain the license system or sanction the drinking customs of the day?

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's Review of the Year—'The Times,' London.
The Durbar—Press Association Special Service.
A Hero of the Mutiny at the Durbar—'The Daily Mail,' London.
Indian National Congress—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Magic in Morocco—By the Sultan's Court Magician, in the 'Daily Express,' London.
This is the House, etc.—New Style.—'Punch.'
The Education Act in Working—'The Times,' London.
Malaya: an Experiment—'The Spectator,' London.
The Humbert Romance—'The Pilot,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Some Gossip about Old Prints—By Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Court, C.M.G., in 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Mycenae—'The Pilot,' London.
History of the Twentieth Century New Testament—By one of the Revisers. Special to 'World Wide.'
Bjornson—By Hrolf Wisby, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
Relics of Thackeray—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The English Novel in the Nineteenth Century—II.—'The Edinburgh Review.'
Some New Novels—'The Pilot,' London.
An Author at Grass—Autumn—Extracts from the private papers of Henry Rycecroft. Edited by George Gissing, in 'Fortnightly Review,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Sleep and Sleeplessness—By Sir William Laird Clowes, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Is Color Blindness Preventable?—'The Evening Post,' New York.
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LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 8.

The Church at Corinth.

Acts xviii., 1-11.

Golden Text.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. iii., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 2.—Acts xviii., 1-11.
Tuesday, Feb. 3.—Acts xviii., 12-23.
Wednesday, Feb. 4.—Luke x., 1-16.
Thursday, Feb. 5—1 Cor ii, 1-11.
Friday, Feb. 6.—Josh. i., 1-9.
Saturday, Feb. 7.—2 Thess. iii., 1-15.
Sunday, Feb. 8.—1 Cor. ix., 1-14

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

1. After these things Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth;

2. And found a certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla; (because that Claudius had commanded all Jews to depart from Rome:) and came unto them.

3. And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought; for by their occupation they were tentmakers.

4. And he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.

5. And when Silas and Timotheus were come from Macedonia, Paul was pressed in the spirit, and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ.

6. And when they opposed themselves, and blasphemed, he shook his raiment, and said unto them, Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean; from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles.

7. And he departed thence, and entered into a certain man's house, named Justus, one that worshipped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue.

8. And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house; and many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized.

9. Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace:

10. For I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city.

11. And he continued there a year and six months, teaching the word of God among them.

Corinth was a very ancient city. Like Athens, it was prominent in the arts. The Corinthian style of architecture is still admired and copied. It was also known for its manufactures and commerce. The name of the little berries, currants, is derived from the name of that famous city.

If you look on a map of ancient Greece you will find Corinth about fifty miles, roughly speaking, to the west, and a little to the south, of Athens. From its importance and situation it was called 'The Eye of Greece,' and 'The Bridge of the Sea.'

Its population, in the time of Paul, has been estimated at four hundred thousand persons, and consisted of many sorts and conditions of men, philosophers, artists, soldiers, traders, sailors, slaves, etc. These represented many different races, Greeks, Romans, and Jews being more prominent among them. It was a busy, thriving city, one of the great centres of the world at that time. Corinth was also one of the vilest and most wicked places on earth.

This was the city to which Paul came. Surely it had great need of a bold preacher of the Gospel, and it is not surprising that Paul was led to remain here a year and a half. From what has been said of the city you will see that it was a favorable place from which to spread a knowledge of the Gospel. Many were constantly coming and going, and there being such a mixture of races and religious beliefs, there would not be such a prejudice and opposition as in a smaller, more obscure city, where the religious views of the people were fixed and not disturbed by many outside opinions and teachings. Paul came to Corinth about 51 A.D., not very much time having elapsed since he entered Europe.

'After these things,' says verse 1, 'Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth.' 'These things,' refer to his work in Athens, closing with his address on Mars' Hill. He indeed did come to Corinth, though not in a very boastful mood, but almost with feelings that the work before him was hopelessly difficult. In I. Corinthians ii., 3, he says to the Corinthian Christians, 'And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.'

As we have found him doing before, Paul seeks first the Jews. He found a Jew and his wife, Aquila and Priscilla. Though a native of Pontus, near the Black Sea, this man had for some reasons found his way to Italy, and had lately come from that land, on account of the command of the Roman emperor that all Jews should leave Rome. Already things in Judea were moving toward the fall of Jerusalem and the end of the Jewish state. At this time Judea was so near a rebellion against Rome that it was not thought wise to permit the Jews at Rome to remain there, so the Emperor Claudius expelled them. Aquila and Priscilla were tentmakers, and this was Paul's own trade, so he lived and worked with them.

In this country to-day we do not hear much of tent-making as a business, one reason being that in our cold climate few people live in tents as regular homes, but in Paul's part of the earth they were in very common use by persons who had to be much out of doors, and the trade of a good tent-maker must have been a profitable one. Paul was so anxious to labor for his fellowmen in this great and wicked city that he accepted regular work with his hands to provide his support.

Here at Corinth he was to be found in the synagogue every Sabbath, trying to persuade the Jews and Greeks, the latter being no doubt proselytes to the Jewish faith. Soon his two companions, Silas and Timothy, joined him, and their presence and the good news they brought of the other churches, seemed to increase his courage, for, when they had come, 'Paul was pressed in the spirit,' and plainly told the Jews that 'Jesus was the Christ,' the long expected Messiah.

But he met new opposition here, for the Jews 'opposed themselves, and blasphemed.' The idea of the Greek is that of very strong, perhaps organized, opposition. Paul does not waste time arguing against such prejudice, but shakes 'his raiment,' a sign that he had done all that he would do for them, and could not be responsible for their rejection of Christ. He also told them that their blood should be upon their own head. He would now turn to the Gentiles. He realized that to preach Christ to the Jews in the Corinthian synagogue was sowing seed on barren ground. He would now try the Gentiles of Corinth. Though idolaters and largely immoral, they were not so violently prejudiced; perhaps he could win them.

Verse 7 tells us that 'he departed from thence, and entered into a certain man's house, named Justus, one that worshipped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue.' It is probable that he simply made this man's house a sort of meeting place, perhaps from its location. From what we know of Aquila and Priscilla there seems no reason to think that he left them.

Now his work in Corinth begins to count. Though Paul has forsaken the synagogue itself, its chief ruler, Crispus, accepts Christianity, as does his household also. Many of the Corinthians are also among the converts. From Romans xvi., 23, we learn that the treasurer of the city, Erastus, was among the number. Paul's Gospel appealed to Gentiles of learning and prominence, not to unlearned men only, as we see here and elsewhere.

Now, with all our admiration for Paul, we need not overlook the fact that he was a man, and subject to the troubles and weaknesses that come to men. One of the sorrows that attend the lives of great and noble leaders among men is that they are so looked up to and depended upon that we forget their need of sympathy and help. Paul had suffered from great anxiety, from persecution and the difficulties of long journeys. He had come to the point where he needed encouragement and help, and God supplied this need. In verse 9 we learn that the Lord spoke to Paul by a vision in the night, and told him not to be afraid, as he was with him. Moreover, no one should injure him. Paul had reason enough to fear physical violence, but the Lord promises that now he will be secure from it, and bids him speak with boldness, and not to hold his peace.

Not only does he thus promise Paul safety in his work, but the Lord reveals to him the fact that here, even in this fearfully wicked city, he has 'much people.' How Paul's heart must have bounded with joy, as he realized this!

We find that Paul stayed here a year and six months. It was a long time compared with that spent in the other cities he had visited. We must remember that the object of Paul's work was to spread Christianity as far and as rapidly as possible. Few cities of the world, in his time, gave such good opportunities to do this as Corinth, for thousands were constantly going and coming and would carry from place to place such knowledge as they had gained. In those days there were no newspapers and no system of mails as we have to-day. People were largely dependent upon travellers for their news of what was going on in the world, so that persons, whose business led them from one city to another were apt to notice and lay up in their minds everything of importance that was being said and done.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 8.—Topic—Bible lessons from men that failed. Gen. iv., 8-12; Judg. xvi., 20, 21; 1 Sam. iii., 11-14; xv., 26-29.

Junior C. E. Topic

MY FAVORITE BIBLE STUDY.

Monday, Feb. 2.—Samuel. 1 Sam. iii., 3, 1-14.

Tuesday, Feb. 3.—Solomon. 1 Kings iii., 5-15.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—David. 1 Sam. xvii., 38-51.

Thursday, Feb. 5.—The Hebrew maid. 2 Kings v., 1-4.

Friday, Feb. 6.—Joseph's coat. Gen. xxxvii., 3-11.

Saturday, Feb. 7.—The Hebrew children. Dan. iii., 20-25.

Sunday, Feb. 8.—Topic—What Bible story I like best, and why. Ex. ii., 3-10.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

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Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

How Charlie Gained the Victory.

('The Child's Companion.')

William Garner was gamekeeper to the squire of the Porton estate, near the pretty little village of Porton, and lived a life that took him daily out amid the beauties of Nature. He was a man to whom God was ever a living Presence in the works of his creation, and responded in life and will to the teachings of God's beautiful earth.

But he had his troubles at home. A loving wife and two boys were his three treasures, whom he loved fondly; but Henry, his younger child, was a delicate lad, and Charles, the elder boy, had an overbearing spirit and unruly temper.

Sorely were the hearts of the parents tried by Charles's frequent passionate outbursts, and grieved were they also at Henry's continued ill-health.

One morning matters seemed to have reached a climax. Charles in a fit of anger at some trivial matter had struck Henry on the back, and knocked him forward on his face with his forehead on the edge of the table.

Henry had fallen to the floor, stunned by the force of the blow, and had been carried by his mother to his room.

For two hours he had not opened his eyes, and had then moaned in his pain and came round again, but only to a sense of great pain and weakness.

Meanwhile, Charles had run from the house, thoroughly ashamed of his act, and thus escaped his father's just anger.

The village doctor prescribed for Henry, and when William saw his little son sleeping more quietly, he went out to try and find Charles. But the lad saw his father leave the house, and again hid himself.

Trusting to find him, William went on through the woods with his two dogs, and was gone some hours.

But towards evening he came back, and on his return a curious thing happened to Bob, a new dog he had with him, as we shall see.

Coming into Henry's room, William found Charles there also, sitting with mother by the bed, and his eyes still red with weeping. Bob also ran up, and whined as he entered the room, with blood trickling down his neck. William bent over Henry and kissed him.

'I'm better, dad, and Charles is so sorry. But, oh, dad, what is the matter with Bob? Look at his neck!'

William for answer drew Charles to his knee, without one word of anger, and said—

'I will tell you all about it. Just as I got near home a few moments since, Bob and Smirch saw puss and her two kittens playing by the orchard patch, and Bob must needs go and see them. Not content with that, but seeing how small the kittens looked, he started to worry them, poor little things!' Here Charles winced and turned very red.

'Well, mother puss could not stand by and see her pets teased in this cruel way, so she flew at Master Bob and clung to his back, and there they were, Bob tearing away for dear life, and mistress puss clinging by her sharp claws to his back, and clutching his neck with her teeth.

'Not till he rushed through the hedge did she let go, and then he ran like the coward he was to his kennel. I gave him a sound beating as well, so what with pussy's claws and teeth, and my stick, I think Bob will have learned his lesson not to be unkind again to a helpless kitten.'

Then turning to Charles, he said—

'My boy, when are you going really to try and help God to answer your mother's prayers and mine for you? There is Henry, younger and weaker than you, just like the kitten; and here are you, my son—shall I say it—just like the coward Bob.

'He does not tackle a dog of his own size, but must needs worry a weaker helpless creature. Charles, try and cease being a coward. It is a detestable thing.'

Oh, how ashamed Charles felt! The name of 'Coward' stung his pride, and, slipping from his father's knee, he kissed Henry and knelt at his bedside, and said—

'Father, pray now for me, please.'

And so all three knelt, and Henry joined from his pillow, and the spirit of God took his place in Charles's heart from that day, and the spirit of evil passion was expelled.

Charles had many a hard battle with himself after this, but he won the fight in a strength not his own.

BOB RAN LIKE THE COWARD HE WAS TO HIS KENNEL.

What the Initials Meant.

(Lily Manker Allen, in the 'Congregationalist.')

Mamma smiled to herself as she saw Beatrice and Vi slip into their room with something in their hands and close the door. 'I wonder what they're up to,' she thought, but happy in the knowledge that she would know sooner or later she applied herself to getting breakfast.

Saturdays were always busy days at the Armstrongs', but this was a particularly busy one. An unusual combination of circumstances had brought all the sweeping and dusting in with the baking, and Howard's new suit was to be finished.

When the girls came out again, mamma noticed they had decorated themselves with flowers, but little Howard discovered that each girl wore a letter H of rose leaves, and a large M of geraniums.

'What can we do for you, mamma?' cried Beatrice and Vi, so nearly together that it sounded like a double voice, and then they fell to setting the table as blithely as if it were jump-rope.

After that there was another appeal for something to do, and Baby Paul was dressed and the room tidied.

By this time breakfast was ready and there was a little leisure to guess at the mysterious letters. 'You don't mean to say you're going to Have Measles, do you?' inquired mamma, in mock alarm.

'I guess they'll have some Happy Moments,' said papa.

'I think they want Hot Muffins,' was Howard's venture. Grandmother said she thought from the way they had been doing things, their motto must be Hurry More. All sorts of ridiculous combinations were suggested, but the girls only laughed and shook their heads, promising to divulge the secret at supper time; but they couldn't forbear pouncing upon papa just as he was going out the door with 'What do you really think it means, papa?' Whereat papa, who had been keeping his eyes open all the morning, laughed out 'Help Much.'

'What do you think it means, mamma?' cried the girls as they hurried about clearing the table and getting the dishwater.

'Well,' said mamma, slowly and reluctantly, 'I suppose it must have something to do with helping—Help More.'

'But who does M stand for in this family?' persisted Vi, and mamma, with a great show of surprise, said, 'Help Mamma! Why didn't I think before?'

There was a burst of hilarity at this, and then Beatrice said, 'We aren't going to let you know until supper.'

All the morning mamma went about with a little prick in her mind. 'I might have put them off somehow—I needn't have guessed it so easily. It may mean something else, after all,' but the familiar duet, 'What can I do to help you?' repeated so often that busy morning, took away any lingering doubt there might have been as to the correctness of her guess. At dinner time the sweeping and dusting and baking were done, Paul had had an airing and was settled for a nap, and mamma could take up her sewing.

The girls were to help papa that afternoon. There were so many things they could do to help get the big church on the corner ready for Sunday. They could distribute singing-books, place the tiny red chairs around the low tables in the primary room, sweep the steps, and even help sometimes with the dusting.

Mamma heard Vi ask Beatrice, 'Shall we have the same letters this afternoon?' 'No,' said Beatrice, decidedly, 'we'll have F.M.'

'O yes!' cried Vi, clapping her hands and running after Beatrice to get some more flowers to change the letters.

'F.M.' said mamma, as they came in to show her. 'That must be Forsake Mamma, or perhaps, since it's papa you're to help, it means For a Man, but I should think you'd have chosen H.P. instead.' This sent the girls off laughing and promising again that she should know at supper time.

At intervals during her sewing that afternoon mamma's thoughts wandered in a hazy way to the mystic letters. 'What can F.M. mean, I wonder?'

At supper time everything was done, the home work and the outside work, and a tired, happy family gathered at table.

'Well,' inquired mamma, with an effort to be eagerly anxious, 'what does H.M. stand for?'

'Home Missionaries!' was the surprising answer, and if mamma's sudden sense of relief hadn't bewildered her, she wouldn't have needed to ask the next question, 'And F.M.?'

'Foreign Missionaries,' responded the double voice, promptly.

Right Side Out.

('Ohio Work.')

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

'Jack, I want you to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out.'

Jack stared. He thought that his mother must be out of her wits.

'I mean it, Jack,' she repeated.

Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn, funny looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said:

'This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?'

'No, mamma,' answered Jack, shame-facedly. 'Can't I turn them right?'

'Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Jan., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Total Abstinence the Dictate of Common Sense.

('The Sunday School Times.')

Apart from the much discussed question of the duty of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, there is this less frequently considered but important question: 'If one has the privilege of choice, is it best to be a total abstainer, or to pursue another course?' On that question the editor has positive views, and he is glad to express them.

Some years ago, the editor, then a Philadelphian, was at a luncheon given in the Rittenhouse Club by Dr. William Pepper, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, after the exercises of Commencement Day. As Provost Pepper was moving from one small table to another where his guests of the day were seated, he sat by the editor's side for a while, and he said familiarly, among other things:

'I notice that you do not drink any wine to-day. Do you never drink wine?'

'No, I never do,' was the reply.

'Do you refrain from preference, or from conscientious motives?'

'Partly from both causes. I need to be always in good physical condition, in order to enable me to do my best work at all times. To secure this, I refrain from everything in the line of narcotics or brain stimulants. I avoid all that which would deaden my nerves or excite my brain, and which might lead me to think for a time that I am not as weak or as tired as I am. I want to know what is my true possession of capital. I am careful not to borrow to-morrow's income for to-day's expenditure. I want to go to bed at night with no brain balance overdrawn.'

Dr. Pepper, who was eminent as a physician, as well as an exceptionally hard worker with his brain and nerves, said heartily, as he brought down his hand on the editor's knee:

'I must say that that is sound reasoning, from a physician's point of view.'

Thus, as a matter of personal preference, within the sphere of Christian liberty, and in accordance with the best judgment of eminent medical authority, not swayed by extreme total abstinence practice or preference, the editor is, and for more than three-score years has been, a rigid total-abstainer, and this course he recommends to others.

Not only in view of his personal preference and best judgment, but as a matter in which example may be influential beyond our thought, he has deemed total abstinence the only safe course. An instance illustrating this that occurred thirty years ago impressed itself forcibly on his mind.

Being in San Francisco in 1872 he heard much said about the California wines, and he was repeatedly urged to try them. An old friend, whose guest he was, was particularly desirous that he should test their superiority, mentioning a favorite brand in particular, as he was aware of the fact that in younger days the editor was an apothecary, and had some knowledge of the differences in wines. A few days after their conversation on this matter, they were together invited to a dinner at a neighbor's. Then came a new trial.

Two valued servants, who had for years lived in the editor's family in Hartford, were now in the family where he had been invited to dinner. At the dinner were several kinds of wine, but as they were proffered to him he declined. The hostess for the evening urged that he should try their choicest California wines, naming especially the favorite brand of his old friend. The bottle was already open, and the others were drinking from it. Why should he not try it, he was asked, enough to express his opinion on it? But he declined. His hostess urged him to yield, until he thought she was pressing the matter unduly, and he was therefore the firmer, and the dinner was ended.

The next day he met the elder of the two servants, whom he respected and valued for her worth. To his surprise she said, as to the dinner of the evening before:

'When we were preparing for the dinner, my mistress was considering what wines we were to have. I said, "Mr. Trumbull never drinks wine." She said, "He'll drink wine at our dinner to-night,—you see if he doesn't." I said, "If Mr. Trumbull tastes your wine, you can take off a month's wages of mine." I just knew you wouldn't touch wine.'

And the editor thanked the Lord that he had not lost his good name with her as a total-abstainer who could be depended on. He then realized anew that we are always in the balance before our fellows, always being watched to see what we do; and that for our own sakes, and for the sake of others, total abstinence is our only safe rule.

The writer has had varied experiences in life, as enabling him to test and confirm the reasonableness of his views in favor of total abstinence. He has travelled in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. He has, in the last fifty years, been in the principal wine-growing countries of the world. He has lived on ocean and sea and river, on desert and prairie and mountain; he has been compelled to drink the vilest water imaginable,—but he has never been where he thought that the best wine or other alcoholic beverage was so safe or so desirable, in view of what he saw, as the poorest water available to him. This is so far as his personal experience taught him.

As to the experience of others whom he knew or observed, the evidence is in the same direction as his own. As to the peril in departing from total abstinence, he can say that in a large majority of cases his personal friends, both boys and girls, who were not contented to remain total abstainers, either died drunkards or are living as such. He has seen no fewer drunkards in wine-growing countries than in the vicinity of breweries and distilleries. He has found that no strength of will, nor earnestness of religious profession or practice, would surely enable a person to pursue a course of safe moderation if he or she departed from total abstinence. He has seen so many men of exceptional strength of will and character yield to intemperance; he has seen so many clergymen of different denominations, and so many lovely women, follow in a similar course, that he is afraid to depart from the safe and desirable course of total abstinence.

He thanks God that he has the privilege of being a total abstainer, and he knows that that course is the only safe one for him. He believes that that course is the only safe or wise course for any one, and therefore he recommends it to all.

A Slight Mistake

('The Temperance Record.')

Everyone considered Nellie Foster a lucky girl, and when her brother Tom and cousin Frank arrived from the front three days before her wedding no one was surprised. Things always happened just as Nellie planned, she seemed to live upon the sunny side of life. Certainly the marriage would not have been half as gay without the boys. From the moment the two tall figures in khaki appeared at the church door they divided attention with the pretty bride herself. The village children cheered and bobbed excitedly, and all the relations who had gathered from far and near to witness Nellie's surrender of her maiden liberty gave eager welcome to Tom and Frank. It was odd to see how shy and shame-faced the two men looked in spite of the distinguished service medals they had won.

'It's like a dream,' thought Tom, as he stood near the altar and heard the old vicar read the service in quavering tones. But if it did not seem quite real after the hard experiences of the last few years, it was, at any rate, a very pleasant change. The country had never seemed as sweet before; it was delightful to hear familiar sounds coming in through the windows from the farmhouse near, and to smell the hay again. It would not be half bad to settle down now that one had seen a bit of life. As Tom reached this point in his meditations, he let his eyes wander to where an old friend of his stood demurely behind the bride, holding her bouquet, whilst the ring was put on to seal the covenant. The pretty picture was so suggestive that Tom only awakened with a start to find the service over, and after that he had little time for day-dreams. Forgetting his shyness, he was soon the life of the merry party that gathered on the lawn at the 'Chestnuts' where his father had lived for the last thirty years. Everyone was sorry when the happy afternoon came to an end.

'Now, Tom, my boy,' called his father, after the bride and bridegroom had said good-bye, and many of the guests were preparing to follow their example, 'Now, Tom, you are looking pale. I can see it through your tan. Take a glass of wine to keep you up.'

The old man brought it to him as he spoke, and held it out.

Tom answered cheerfully enough.

'Not me, father, thank you. I haven't touched it since I've been away, in spite of fever. I don't mean to begin now.'

'Try me, instead, uncle,' said Frank coming up at that moment and taking the rejected glass. 'He's an out-and-outer—worse than when he went away. You remember how he used to lecture us, Miss Fletcher, don't you?'—turning to Nellie's bridesmaid as he spoke.

Tom glanced up quickly. He had not known she was there, but his eyes dropped again when he saw the scornful expression on her face.

'Humph,' he said to himself as he strolled away. 'If that is what she thinks of me I had better keep at a distance.'

From that moment the brightness of the summer day and the glad sweet joy of home-coming were lost to Tom, but, fortunately, his happiness came back with a rush when he and Frank were lounging in the porch that night after all the rest of the household had gone upstairs.

'Mary Fletcher looked jolly fine to-day, didn't she?' said Frank, as he smoked his last cigar.

'Yes,' assented Tom, trying hard to keep his voice from sounding sulky.

'Know what she said when you went off in a huff because I chaffed you about the wine?'

'No,' replied Tom. 'She looked scornful enough for anything.'

'I don't know how she looked,' continued Frank. 'I didn't notice, but she said you deserved another medal for your pluck and principle. Meant it, too, old chap, for when I declared you carried things too far, she gave me a temperance lecture on the spot. It seems she's run a Band of Hope here since we left and it's called Tom Foster's Band. There, that's me all over—let out the secret. They are going to give you a grand surprise to-morrow—you need not let them know I put you up to it. You would never have been able to face that girl again if you had changed your colors whilst we were away. I asked her if she had not been almost afraid to risk it and she said you always kept your word whatever I might do. Her scorn was all for me I can assure you.'

Tom, for once, believed his cousin Frank and went off to bed that night with a light heart, even daring to dream of another wedding day.

The J. C. Ayer Company, of Lowell, Mass., manufacturers of proprietary medicines, have issued the following notice to their employees: 'Believing that the smoking of cigarettes is injurious to both mind and body, thereby unfitting young men for their best work, therefore, after this date, we will not employ any young man under twenty-one years of age who smokes cigarettes.' This company are following the good lead of many other large employers of labor, whose attitude is a strong comment on the evils of this habit, and cannot but do much good

Correspondence

Cheggoggin, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am at my aunt's and she takes the 'Northern Messenger.' I have been reading the little girls' letters, and I thought I would write one, too. My home is about five miles from here, in Overton. Why we call it Overton, is because it is just across the harbor from Yarmouth town. In the evening, when the electric lights are lit it is very pretty. Coronation evening we could hear the music and see the fire-works very plainly. We can see the steamboats go in and out in summer. We have a steamboat every day from Boston to Yarmouth. I go to school, and it is about five minutes' walk from where I live. My papa is a fisherman; not hand-line fisherman, but trapping lobsters in the spring, herring in the fall. About a mile from our place there is a bar where he goes a-fishing. There are lots of fishing shanties all over the beach; one of them belongs to my father. I have four sisters and two brothers.

RUBY F. (Age 11.)

Hazel Grove, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—Our own church is quite a distance away, and, as there is a large family, I do not get to it very often, and when I do not get to it, I go to the Presbyterian with my cousins, and I get the 'Messenger' there. My dear mother is dead, and I am papa's baby. I am thirteen years old. I go to school every day. I have four sisters and three brothers. I live in a very pretty place. My father is a farmer. There is a great deal of pretty green wood here. A wide brook runs through our farm a little distance from the house. About half a mile away there is a mill-pond where we skate in winter and fish in summer. When we go to skate we can start on the brook and go right to the pond. I am very fond of reading; I have read a great many books; I think I like the 'Elsie Books,' the 'Bessie Books,' and the 'Pansy Books' best. VERNA B.

Carillon, Que.

Dear Editor,—We live in the village of Carillon, on the banks of the Ottawa river; directly opposite our village is the village of Point Fortune. There is a very large dam built across this river, which is the next to the largest in the world. Many people come from Montreal to visit it. Besides, there is quite a large canal, and in summer time many boats pass through it; and there is a railway that runs from Carillon to Grenville in the summer, and a boat that comes from Montreal to here called the 'Sovereign,' which runs daily. Carillon is a grand fishing place. I often visit the capital, and the Parliament buildings are grand. In our village we have three stores, besides two hotels, two schools, and one blacksmith's shop. I have no brothers or sisters, and I go to school every day. I am very fond of music and am taking lessons. We cross the Ottawa every Sunday to go to the Methodist Church and Sunday-school.

EDNA MAY H. (Age 10.)

St. Thomas, Ont.

Dear Editor,—St. Thomas is a small city of about thirteen thousand inhabitants. It is about nine miles from Lake Erie. The main street is called Talbot street. Our city is called the Railroad City. We are justly proud of our many fine public buildings. Among these is the City Hall, built in the year 1899, and the post-office, together with several other fine buildings. My mother was in California together with my sister in the year 1899, and she went again in 1901. But she says there is no place like home. I was sorry the Referendum was not carried and the bar-rooms closed, but maybe they will be closed in the near future. N. C. E.

Motherwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you about my trip to the West. My papa and I went together. We left London on Tuesday morning and went to Owen Sound, where we got on the boat 'Alberta' in the evening of the same day. On Wednesday we passed through the Sault Canal on the American side. All Wednesday night the fog-horn kept blowing; it started about 12 o'clock p.m. and continued blowing until about eight o'clock in the morning. On Thursday we landed at Fort William about 2 o'clock p.m. We had to wait at Fort William almost twelve hours, and got on the train in the night, and did not get off until we reached Winnipeg on Friday about five o'clock in the evening. We left Winnipeg about six o'clock p.m. When we got off at Douglas and walked one and a half miles to our cousins. When we got there they did not know me, but they knew papa. I saw some of my cousins, uncles and aunts I never saw before. I went to Brandon Fair, and Cordie, my cousin, went with us. We had a pleasant time there. We stayed in Manitoba about five weeks. I also attended Oak River Fair. I saw the large fields of wheat growing. We left Douglas (which is a few miles west of Brandon) on Saturday morning for home. On Sunday morning we got on the boat 'Athabasca.' I got acquainted with a little girl who was going to Iceland; her name was Bertha Oleson, and she said she would correspond with me; I gave her my address; she came as far as Toronto with us. We came from Toronto to London and then to St. Mary's; from there home.

ELLA P. G.

(A good letter.—Ed.)

Stratford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received the nice Bible and picture you sent me, and I think they are just grand. I suppose the people in Quebec province do not know what an important place Stratford is. It is a city of 12,000 inhabitants, situated on the Avon river in the county of Perth. It is decidedly a railway centre, being proved by the fact that 1,100 men will shortly be employed in the locomotive repair shops. The city has several large manufactories, the latest constructed being the Globe-Wernicke building, also the Kemp Manure Shredder Company works. The scarcity of coal this season has developed a new industry in the manufacture of peat in this vicinity. There are eleven churches in Stratford, varying in size and style, and representing all the different denominations. We attend the Central Methodist Church, of which the Rev. Mr. E. N. Baker has been the well-beloved and energetic pastor for nearly four years. I attend school regularly, and I am in the intermediate class. LORNE J. (Age 11.)

Norman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. I go to day-school and Sunday-school. I have four sisters and one brother. I have only one pet, a big black cat. My papa is helping to build a box factory. My sister has told you all the news about the fire. We hope to have Prohibition some day in our province, and that all the boys and girls growing up now will be good temperance people. I went around this town two afternoons and got forty-four people to sign the pledge. I wonder if anybody has the same birthday as mine, New Year's Day? My sister is writing this for me, as I cannot write very well.

ROY W. L.

Upper Clements, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I write to thank you for the picture, 'Christ in the Temple,' you sent me for getting forty names. I think it a very nice picture and will get it framed. I have been one of your many subscribers for nearly a year, and I like the paper very much, also the 'Temperance Page.' I joined the White Ribbon Army over two years ago, and have never been sorry I signed the pledge. I live on a farm near the Annapolis Basin. It is a very pretty place. Two miles across the Basin is Granville; half a mile below is Goat Island, where they have a good many picnics during the summer months; fifteen miles below Goat Island is Digby, and three miles below is Clementsport; Annapolis (once called Port Royal) is five miles east, and is a very pretty place. At the entrance is the garrison grounds, where the war was fought between the French and English. We have a nice new school-house and a very nice teacher. I have a mile to go to school. My father is the postmaster. The depot is right in front of our house. EDNA M. W.

(Your handwriting is particularly clear and neat.—Ed.)

South Presque Isle, Me.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I live about a mile from two mountains; one is called Green Mountain and the other is Quaggy Joe, after an old Indian that was found dead on the side of it. My grandma takes the 'Messenger' and sends it to me after she reads it. I have one sister; her name is Gertrude, and she is fourteen years old, and I have one little brother four years old; his name is Walter. My sister has a pair of little bantams for pets, and I had a little kitten, but when they were digging potatoes the hired man threw a potato at it and killed it. There was a pedler stayed all night at our place that night and he said he would bring me a coon kitten next time he came around if he could find one. There was an old lady ninety-two years old went out to pick raspberries and got lost one Saturday morning last summer; she was lost in the woods back of the mountain, and there was about fifty men out looking for her Saturday night. It rained all night as hard as it could pour. There were about three hundred men out Sunday with my papa and our hired man. They found her about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and she said she saw a bear. I think she was too old to pick raspberries in a big wood. My papa had twenty-four acres of potatoes this summer; they did not turn out very good on account of the wet weather. We have three horses; the working horses' names are Kit and Prince; Kit is dark brown and Prince is dark bay. The other horse is our driver; his name is Harry. He is a dark bay and weighs over twelve hundred pounds; he is a good driver and we think a lot of him. I go to school about every day and like my teacher very much. GEORGIE ETHEL W.

(An interesting letter.—Ed.)

Santa Cruz, Cal.

Dear Editor,—I live in Santa Cruz, which is about eighty-four miles from San Francisco. It is a very pretty place, both in summer and in winter, and a very popular resort. There are very many places of interest in Santa Cruz county, among which are the Big Trees, Olive's Sulphur Springs, the cliff drive, and many others. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. I read a great many books, and my favorite author is Laura Richards. I have one brother who is eleven years old, and his name is Harold. I am in the eighth year at school and go to Sunday-school every Sunday. HAZEL K.

Hillsborn, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Hillsborn, N.S., I thought I would write. I have taken the 'Messenger' nearly a year, and hope to take it next year. I am always glad when Wednesday comes, so I can get the 'Messenger.' I have seen some nice stories, as 'Stony-ground' and the 'Cat's Cradle,' and a great many others. I go to the Baptist Church and Sunday-school. Mr. A. S. Cawsell is our superintendent, and we like him very much. We have a nice school. I had twin brothers, but one is dead; his name was Chester. I had also twin sisters, but only one is living; her name is Lizzie; she is four years old. We live near the Bay of Fundy. It is very pleasant in summer, because we can see the boats and vessels on the bay. The Government has built a nice wharf close by. Captain Anderson was the manager and Mr. Parks, from Port Lawrence, N.S., was the boss builder. I have one cat; her name is Tabby Grey.

ROSIE H.

Mount Royal, Man.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember. We live seven miles from the city of Winnipeg, and about one-quarter of a mile from the city quarry. The quarry belongs to Winnipeg and is called Mount Royal after

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. The place formerly belonged to him. The quarry is very large. There are two crushers to crush the stone and two engines to run the crushers. One of the crushers crushes limestone and the other crushes granite. The granite is got from the farmers round. Fishes and shells have been found in the stone petrified. They have a telephone to the quarry. The men in summer work from seven o'clock in the morning until six at night. They do not work so late in the winter. There is a post-office, two stores, blacksmith's shop, one large boarding-house and several private boarding-houses. There is a large hall where entertainments are held. The men bring their wives out to the quarry to live, for they find they can live cheaper out here.

MAGGIE McW.

(This is an interesting letter.—Ed.)

Stone Settlement, Ceylon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. It is three years since I wrote to the 'Messenger.' I like to read the very interesting letters the little boys and girls write. I told you about a little heifer calf a neighbor gave me three years ago; I called her Birdie; now she has a calf, so I have a cow of my own. I have been sick, and when I get well I will milk her. We are building an addition to our house. We have got an organ since I wrote last, and my sister and I can play very nicely. For pets I have three cats. We have 40 hens, 7 pigs, 3 horses, 4 cows, 14 head of cattle. It was me you thanked for the wild flowers. We have some very pretty chrysanthemums in blossom now, in four different colors. I have one sister and one brother, and so I am the baby of our family.

LUCY R. P. STONE.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Home Kindergarten.

(Dorothy Shepherd, in the 'New England Homestead.')

It was during the late autumn, I had gone for a long bicycle ride and found myself thirsty and tired at the gate of a farm-house. Looking over the farm, I espied the frisking figure of a little boy about five years old. He was fluttering about the garden, stopping now and then to peer within the cup of a late flower as though in search for a hidden treasure. I was immediately seized with a desire to form a friendship with this little sprite of humanity, so in the homely phrase of childhood, I called 'Hello!'

'Hello!' he said, pausing abruptly and eyeing me sharply. I knew that I was on inspection, and that this young critic was looking for a flash of good-fellowship. Therefore I leaned over the gate and handed him an apple from my lunch bag.

'Want one?' I said. 'I have two.'

He took a bite before he answered. 'I'm a butterfly,' he said briefly. 'But butterflies eat apples, don't they?'—this with hesitation.

'Why, yes,' I said, reassuringly. 'Of course they do, if they get the chance. But they like honey best, I think.'

'That's what I was getting from the flowers,' he explained. 'Only it's make-believe.'

His butterfly lordship was resting for a few moments on the fence. He eyed me in friendly fashion, and as he munched, I had an opportunity to get a good look at him. His close-cropped hair made him appear older than his small size warranted.

'Who taught you to play butterfly?' I asked suddenly.

'Miss Rosa. She was our boarder last summer. I can't go to school, you know, 'cause it's too far. But she teaches over in a city, and she telled my mother how to teach me. We have it every day, and while mamma gets the dinner on the stove I play the games until she can come out and play with me. Why, here she comes now! She'll show you how to play butterfly,' he said proudly. 'She learned it from a book.'

A sweet-faced woman came down the path and my little friend rushed to greet her, saying, 'Show her how to play butterfly, mamma. She doesn't know how.'

'Why, yes, dear, of course. But won't the lady come in and rest '

I was glad indeed to enter. Then in a low voice she and the little boy sang to the tune of 'Maryland, my Maryland,' the butterfly song, and he interpreted it.

'A little worm is on the ground.'

Down dropped the little boy, and then he began to move, as

'It creeps and creeps and creeps around.
'Tis spinning now a little nest,'

The hands wove it in imagination; then down dropped the head.

'When it may find a place to rest.
Dear little worm, we'll say "Good-bye,"
Till you come out a butterfly.
Dear little worm, we'll say "Good-bye,"
Till you come out a butterfly.

Suddenly he stood bolt upright—

'Why there he is, (there was great surprise in his tone),

'Now see him fly,
A lovely little butterfly.
He spreads his wings so dazzling bright,
And seeks the joyous air and light.'

The little fellow's arms uttered bravely—

''Tis sipping honey from each flower
Through every sunny summer hour.'
'Tis sipping honey from each flower,
Through every sunny summer hour.'

'Yes, every day we play kindergarten together,' the mother said. 'But it is not only the games I teach him, for we have nature studies and "Occupations" and "Gifts," as the kindergarteners call them, and from these he learns much, for it is not mere play as I used to consider it. Miss Rosa sent me an outfit, and one or two books, and we have an hour every morning devoted to our study. I think I am learning quite as much as my son.'

But the boy, who climbed upon the seat beside her, having ceased to be a butterfly, snuggled within her arms and protested: 'Why, mamma, you know everything now.'

But I thought, 'She is on the royal road to highest learning, and has the love light of his eyes to guide her.'

A Bit of Advice.

(L. Eugenie Eldridge, in 'Christian Work.')

I caught myself wondering to-day if all girls have their bags or baskets of darning-cotton and yarn near at hand, neatly arranged, well-filled and ready for action, and if when the stockings are brought from the wash, the heels and toes are duly examined, and holes, which will be small if the weekly inquiry is rightly followed, are nicely darned with the fine weaving good darning is? If this is so, it is a comfortable comfort, one the family will quickly notice and miss if suspended.

The very question of darning stockings will cause some girls to strike an attitude of dismay, but there can be nothing alarming in the act or the fact if viewed in the light of reason and a little sense.

To begin, all know who have ever worn stockings 'hole-y,' that hole spelt with a 'w' is decidedly preferable, also that well-cared-for hose will last much longer than those neglected.

One daughter of the family will find if she makes her weekly practice to faithfully look over each pair belonging to the members, it will become much less of a task than she may suppose when she sees the big holes of the hastily and seldom mended.

To keep the darning-basket well supplied and well appointed will grow to become good practice. It will train her in a practical way that will not come amiss in the work of life.

Then the discipline of nicely and patiently doing the plain, homely work will be a gain, besides the skill of needle acquired. Added to this comes the pleasure and economy of tidy footwear, and last but not least, it lifts a decided burden from the shoulders of mother.

If a daughter should start up of herself and take the family stockings as a share of her work, mother's face would brighten more than I can tell. She would think of it often and remember it long, and when that daughter has left the home-nest and settled for herself in a broader sphere, it will still be repeated and told of her.

Let some of the useless fancy work slide. What does it amount to in a short time? Fashion gone by, dust well settled, and presently banished. Such is the price often paid for hours and hours of precious time and tedious labor.

Darn the stockings and help your mother!

One thing you may be sure, she will appreciate your labors. You will be rewarded oftener than you imagine, and a prick upon the finger now and then from a darning-needle is no worse than from a worsted needle, and the strain on the eyesight is much less than in most of the worsted patterns. But comfort, industry and skill all together, are not equal to the pleasure and happiness such a course will give your mother, nor to the smiles she will give you. Try it.

'Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees to sip the clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother, the wide world over.'

A Tyranny of Tenderness.

(Bland B. Huddleston, in 'New England Homestead.')

Said a matron of observant habit, 'I do not wish to live to be old.'

As she was known for a singularly happy woman, loved and cherished by her husband and children, her earnestness surprised me.

'No,' she added, 'I do not fear to "outlive my welcome," as so many aged people appear to have done. I have no fear of the poorhouse. I do not even dread very much the so-called infirmities of age. To my mind nothing is lovelier than length of days gracefully worn, and I mean to wear mine that way. What I do dread is the inevitable "being taken care of" by my youngers; of being treated by my children like a fragile bit of china and eternally guarded against over-exerting myself.'

This woman was right. One of the hardest things the aged have to bear is the idleness which is forced upon them, not by decrepitude, but by the mistaken solicitude of their children. It is a cruelty they rarely rebel against openly, but it is not less galling because patiently endured. Because of the sweet motive in which the gentle tyranny is rooted, old people feel powerless to contest against the arbitrary curtailment of their activities. Yet it is a species of watchful tenderness which amounts in many cases to actual tyranny.

'Now, mother, put that right down, you are too old for such work,' is the constant cry in some homes, even though 'mother' be active and well-preserved, and used all her life to activity. Father is expected to subside into a rocking chair, with his newspaper, just because he has attained to certain years regardless of his preferences for 'stirring about' and managing his own affairs.

Besides the sense of being no longer essential to the family, which such a life brings, the actual physical restraint is irksome. The aged are happiest when employed in congenial and not excessive labor of some sort. It is a positive cruelty to be forever nagging at them to desist from this or that, just because one wishes to guard them from fatigue. After rearing a family and being accustomed to authority and deference, no man or woman relishes constant surveillance, however kindly meant. The thing to do is to

make their ways easy by tact and watchfulness—not by admonition.

It is a boon to old people to feel that they are factors in their homes, not alone because of a welcome presence, but for their usefulness. Their independence is dear to them. Thoughtfulness in others is their right and their delight, but they very humanly resent being trotted after and repressed like children. Infirmity, not measure of years, should limit the activity and freedom of the aged.

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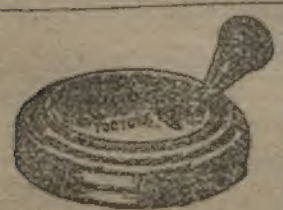

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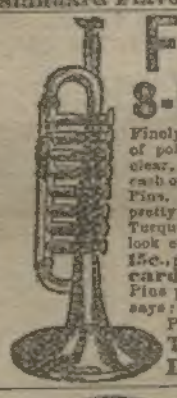

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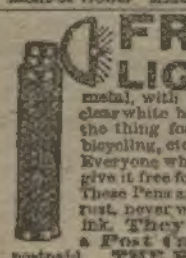

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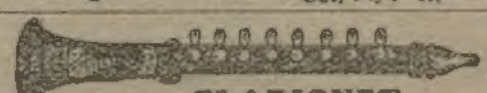

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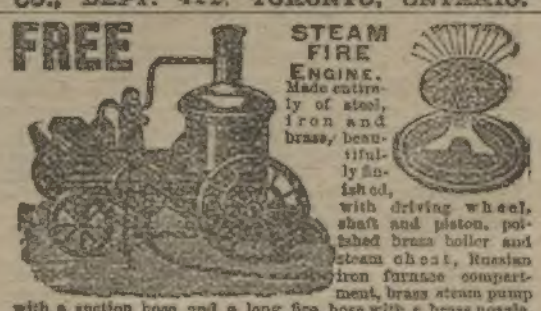
FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE.



Made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished, with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose with a brass nozzle, given for selling at 15c. each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons**, with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. **Everybody buys.** Geo. Sinclair, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I sold all the Buttons in a few minutes." A 50c certificate free with each Button. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **Gem Novelty Co.**, Dept. 423, Toronto.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH

Boys don't miss this Chance.

for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and dark stag coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece given for selling at **10c.** each only **12 doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 464, TORONTO.**

MORRIS CHAIR EASILY EARNED

by selling at **15c.** each only 2½ **Doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 Choice Recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each Book we give a 50c. certificate free. Mrs. Chas Rae, Montague, N.S., says: "I had great success selling your Cook Books. Everyone was delighted with them." This handsome **Reclining** Chair is made of the finest Golden Oak, highly polished, upholstered in rich velours, with handsome patterns in light, dark or medium colors. The cushions are deeply tufted, all-wool filled, and the back can be adjusted to any position. This magnificent piece of furniture will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books, postpaid. **The Home Specialty Company, Dept. 450, Toronto.**

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling at **10c.** each only **9** Glass Pens. These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5—Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English Steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my knife is a splendid Premium. Myfriends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address **The Pen Co., Dept. 458, Toronto.**

EARN THIS
$50.00 SEAL COAT
Not One Cent to Pay

out of your own pocket. Ladies, we give you this stylish, warm and handsome Electric Seal coat made from full furred selected skins and lined with best Skinner's satin, for selling at 15c. each only 4 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books. These books have never before been sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, handsomely bound and each one contains 739 valuable and tried recipes for all kinds of plain and fancy dishes. **Every woman buys one.** With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. Gertie Flaherty, Windsor Mills, Que., says:—"I sold all the Cook Books in less than two hours. Every person I called on took one and was pleased to get it." Doubtless you wonder how we can give you this costly fur coat for doing so little work, but having only a limited number of them left from our Christmas trade and being anxious to introduce our Cook Books into every home in Canada we have decided to make this unheard of bargain. You have no "Agents" to get, no "conditions" to comply with. All you have to do is to sell the 4 doz. Cook Books, which will take you only a short time, send us $7.20 received for them, and we will forward your coat at once. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. Don't put off writing until the coats are all gone. You will never get another chance like this. Home Specialty Co. Dept. 455, Toronto

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets**, set in a **beautifully engraved real solid Gold Ring**, given for selling at 15c. each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 454, Toronto.**

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California redwood, handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 8 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at 15c. each only 10 **Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each book we give a 50c. certificate free. H. Fitch, Niagara Falls South, Ont., says: "The Cook Books sold well, Everyone thinks they are very fine for the money." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. H. Proctor, Vancouver, B.C., says: "I received my Autoharp and am more than pleased with it." Write us to-day. **Home Specialty Co.** Dept. 456, Toronto

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling at 10c. each only **1 doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern and Engine.** **THE PEN CO., Dept. 459, TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE GOLD Watch

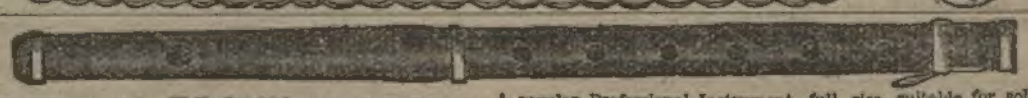
Handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case,** richly and elaborately engraved in Solid Gold Designs, stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported jeweled movement. The richest looking Hunting Case Watch ever manufactured, given for selling at 10c. each only **2½ doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond, **Non-Alcoholic,** Flavoring Powders. One package equals 25c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss R. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold all the flavoring powders in half-an-hour. It is just play to sell it." Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the powders postpaid. You have no "agents" to get, no "conditions" to comply with. Don't delay but write at once, L. Kesler, Welcome, Ont., says: "I received the Gold Watch and am more than pleased and satisfied with it. It far exceeds my expectations." **THE STANDARD FLAVORING CO., DEPT., 448, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at 15c. each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Gordon C. Houn, Chantiers Ont., says: "I had no trouble selling the Collar Buttons. Everyone thinks they are cheap and pretty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Write at once. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 423 Toronto.**

FREE Watch and Chain and Rifle

Boys! Earn a handsome Silver Nickel **Watch,** elaborately engraved, with keyless wind imported works, a **Chain** and **Charm** and an **All-steel Long-distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model that shoots B.B. shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy, by selling at 15c. each only **20 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." With every book we give a 50c. certificate free. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return us $3.00 and we will forward at once the **Rifle, Watch and Watch Chain.** This is the biggest chance you ever had in your life. Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Toronto.**



FREE EBONY PICCOLO

A regular Professional Instrument, full size, suitable for solo or orchestra work, beautifully polished and correctly tuned. Given for selling at 10c. each only **6 Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** B. Criger, Welland, Ont., says: "I sold the Pens in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Pens postpaid. M. McCurdy, Otterville, Ont., says: "I am more than pleased and delighted with my handsome Premium." A complete Self-Instructor and a large assortment of popular selections sent with each instrument. **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 465 TORONTO.**

EARN 20 PREMIUMS
BY A FEW MINUTES' EASY WORK

Boys and Girls. How would you like to receive a great big package of gifts, containing dozens of different articles, without spending a cent of your money? We are giving away absolutely free a mammoth collection of goods which we have collected from all parts of the world, especially for boys and girls. It contains Rings, Pins, Chains, Whistles, Musical Instruments, Books, Pictures, Puzzles, Tricks, Games, Toys and Novelties of every kind and description. There is everything that a boy or girl could wish for. All you have to do in order to get these wonderful Premiums is to send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will send you 15 Glass Pens to sell at 10c. each. These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** When you have sold the Pens return $1.50 and we will immediately forward **the whole 20 Premiums.** Write to-day and take advantage of this grand chance. **The Pen Co., Dept. 463 Toronto.**

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at 15c. each only **8 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 30,000 sold already. With every Cook Book we give a 50c. Certificate Free. JESSIE BAXTER, SHERBROOKE, QUE., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once. LIZZIE SPROUTE, NEWDALE, MAN., says: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had." Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 442, Toronto.**

FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at 15c. each, only **1 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write for Cook Books to-day. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., TORONTO, Ontario.**

FREE SEWING MACHINE

given for selling at 10c. each only 1½ **doz.** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading Hotels, Caterers and Restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** Edith McCallum, Port Arthur, Ont., said: "I sold a package at every place I called." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This is a real Sewing Machine, well made of finely tempered steel with patent feed motion, stitch regulator and self-setting needle. Just the thing for any kind of light work. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co., Dept. 467, Toronto, Ont.

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at 10c. each only 2 **doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss R. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 468, Toronto

FREE FUR SCARF

Soft, warm, brown River Mink Scarf, 4 ft. long, 5 inches wide, with 6 fine full black tails. A perfect imitation of real mink. Looks worth $15.00. We give it free for selling at **25c.** each, only **1 dozen large bottles** of exquisite **White Rose Perfume,** the regular 50c. size. It is put up in large Fancy Glass Bottles, nicely moulded in imitation of cut glass, and beautifully ornamented in colors. This Perfume is made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. We were fortunate enough to secure a shipment at a specially reduced price, and are thus able to sell at 25c. a bottle, just one-half the regular price. Everyone you show it to will buy at least one bottle. Send us a Post Card to-day and we will mail you the Perfume, postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each bottle. **The Paris Perfume Co., Dept. 446, Toronto.**

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'